



Lovesick by Genesis.Malfoy

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Summary: Eleven finds very hard doing her math homework when all she wants is to kiss Mike senseless. A/N Fluff, Mileven, make-out, and more fluff! Please Read & Review! ENJOY!

Lovesick

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I make no profits on writing this.

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LOVESICK

November 21st, 1985

Two weeks after Eleven's first birthday, the one that according to her would be on the top of every future birthday because of Mike's wonderful present that she finally got the measles. Everyone bet she would get it after Hopper took the Wheeler boy to the cabin and after all the kisses she gave him when he arrived, plus all the kissing as the days went by, it was pretty obvious she would end up sick as well.

She still remembered the butterflies she felt in her tummy when her father said he would go pick up her boyfriend and, even when she carried on with her party because she had her guests there, it was very hard to stay calm in the half hour she had to wait until her dad came back. When she felt Hopper's car parking outside, she ran towards it to greet Mike with open arms and a wide shiny smile. He was covered in little red spots and yet she never thought he'd looked more handsome.

With Mike's 'I love you' at the end of the video burned in her heart and still in the air wrapping her body, Eleven run to hug him and kiss him. He seemed to be in shock because of the sudden closeness and, even when they were used to kiss in public, like school or the Arcade; they had never kissed so open in front of Hopper, or Nancy, and he never thought her father wouldn't shove him off of her. He had heard Joyce's calling for the Chief telling him to leave them alone but none of them knew when that happened because, as soon as he woke up from his surprise, he let her pinned him against the van and wrapped his arms around El's waist and kissed her back fiercely.

- Mike... – Eleven whispered when they had to catch their breaths, she had only pulled apart the necessary inches to breathe but not

further away. She looked at him with their noses still touching and the overwhelming emotions she felt during the song, holding her again and making her cry while putting little kisses all around his face. – I saw the video, we all saw it and... And oh Mike, I loved it!

He licked his lips tasting Eleven's kiss on them while she talked and struggled with the tears pouring from her gorgeous eyes while she kept kissing him in every piece of skin she could reach. Mike moved one his hands from her waist to her cheek to wipe her tears with his thumb.

- I think I noticed. – he said smiling and making her laugh, they both did. – I love you, El. – he said again now face to face and looking deep into her eyes, so deep Eleven felt Mike burying himself in her brain all the way through the other side, taking over everything.

El gasp and started welling up and exploding into tears all over again while she tightened her arms around his neck and tried to kiss him but, the other hand he still had in her waist moved up to her face and he hold her still gently, making Eleven keep looking at him in the eye, which cause her to pout a little bit since she wanted more kisses. Lucky for her, he pecked her sweetly before speaking.

- El, what I played for you and what I said, I want you to know that is all for you. – he said but realized it was hard to explain what he wanted to say. He didn't wanted to seem bumptious, he didn't wanted to simply assume she would also say the words, he wasn't that presumptuous. But he wanted to be clear.

- I know, Mike. I know.

He shook his head smiling and placed their foreheads together. – You are so beautiful. – he whispered making her blush. – What I meant to say was, uhm, is hard to explain. You know those TV shows you like? Well, you had probably seen already that when people say 'I love you' to someone, the other person says it back... – he said and noticed how she opened her mouth to say something but he immediately put a finger on her lips to keep her quiet. – El, don't say it.

That took her by surprise. – But Mike I...

- What I mean is that *today* don't say it. Today is for you, only for you. Today is you who gets presents, today is you who listens to my song and to whom I say 'I love you' to. Today you receive, you don't give. – he explained and waited for her to understand what he meant.

He kept smiling the entire time he was talking and, only when he stopped, only then he moved his finger away from her lips.

Eleven thought about what Mike said deeply and, to his surprise, she understood what he meant so she simply smiled back and pecked him in the lips and just stood there, pulling him close in her arms and pressing their foreheads together, looking at him adoringly in the eyes.

- Thank you for singing that song to me.

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Now, two weeks after her birthday, Eleven was cracking her head open not knowing what to do. Yes, she had understood what Mike meant when he said he didn't wanted her to say the words that same day, because that day was only for her, but also she knew she had to try and find someway to make it as special as he did. Because she knew she was in love with him, but she also had to find the right time to tell him and surprise him and she didn't knew how and, as the days went by, she started to grow afraid that whatever she did would never be good enough.

- El, it's me.

Suddenly a voice a six very familiar knocks on the door made her jump, pushing her thoughts aside when she heard her boyfriend calling outside.

It was 3:30 pm and, like the last few days, Mike already recovered from his measles had biked after school to the cabin to check and take her of her, and also – so Hopper wouldn't get them a hard time – he was bringing her the work she had been missing from school. With him, she almost never used her powers anymore, with him she wanted to be just her because there was no room for any kind of magic that wasn't the one they created when they were together; and

even when she was a little 'lazy', like Hopper said, she never behave as such when it came to Mike. He definitely was worthy enough for her to stand up from the couch and greet him herself.

- Hi. – they said at the same time when she opened the door. Mike leaned down while she reached for him standing in her tiptoes to kiss him hello like he deserved. She loved to do that, reaching up to kiss him, she loved that he was getting that tall.

Eleven had been missing school for four days already and the fever was fading away almost completely so she felt a lot better and, even when she knew she didn't need to cover her red spots with Mike, she was very thankful with Max and the make-up kit she got her.

Since the snowball, almost a year ago and since that afternoon on the hammock last January, that their kisses had been evolving from a shy innocent peck on the lips into a full proper passionate kiss. They enjoyed kissing, *a lot*, especially after her birthday and they enjoyed even more to try new kinds of kissing in every moment they could find to be alone. Lips intertwined, Mike sucking on her upper lip while she did the same with his lower one, they kissed passionately everyway they could. Like she had been doing for a few days now, Eleven soon bit and suck his lip and let it go enjoying the sound it made and taking him again; immediately after she would make that playful little game, Mike leaned his head to the right and one of his hands on her waist moved to her nape to hold her still, then – sometimes Mike, sometimes El – they'd taste each other's lips with the tip of their tongues and when entrance would be allowed, they fully went french kissing, falling deep and intense on one another.

Five minutes after Mike's arrival to the cabin and an exchange of saliva that would have get Hopper outrageous, he started to feel the cold breeze of November on his back, so they broke apart from the kiss and Mike looked at El in the eye making her feel so small she would probably fit in the little pocket of his polo shirt. It was in moments like that when Eleven would give him one of her big eyes looks and shy smiles breathing deep from the bottom of her heart, that she couldn't believe how wonderful he was. Mike loved when she'd do that, she had been doing it for almost two weeks now and it always made him think that she was building something huge inside.

- Get in, want some tea? – she asked taking his hand while locking the door with her mind.

Mike nodded and took off his backpack and throw it on the couch letting all his notebooks fall on the coffee table. Eleven turned around to the kitchen to put some water to boil and prepare two cups of tea while she heard every book and notebook falling onto the table. She huffed softly because she hated just how much homework she had to do every day, it seemed almost like a punishment for missing school, it was ridiculous but she didn't wanted to tell that to Mike. He took his free time to bike all the way from school to the cabin to pass all the work of the day and also to help her out with math, and she didn't wanted him to think that she didn't appreciated what he did because she really was thankful. The problem with El was that, ever since he told her he loved her, it was extremely hard for her to think or do anything else other than think about him.

Eleven squealed and jumped when she felt a pair of warm, very familiar lips on her neck kissing the smooth skin between her shoulder and her nape, then placing his chin on the top of her head.

- My mom sends you her 'get well soon' cookies. – he whispered, placing a Tupper in front of her on the kitchen counter and then he wrapped his arms around her waist holding her from behind.

They were still very young and those hugs and touches were still far away from turning into something more mature but, deep down under an innocence cloth that still none of them dare to unfold, they kept enjoying those sweet little moments and touches that were the prelude of all the things that would happen further into the future. But for now their kisses were the main source when it came to show each other their love.

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After two cups of tea and with half of Karen's 'get well cookies' now eaten, three hours had come and gone while Eleven and Mike were still sitting on the carpet floor in the living room doing homework. Books and notebooks on the coffee table and the couch behind them, Mike had given El her literature and science classes she missed and, in that moment he was currently teaching math. She hated math and

it had been over 45 minutes since he begun teaching how to turn letters into numbers while she had her head in one hand, staring at him without looking or blinking.

- Then if you have any doubt about the result you've got, you can put the answers here where the 'x' and 'y' were and if you get the total of the number first given, then you have your definitive answer. I mean it's tricky but if you have to make a graphic then...

Sadly for Mike it'd been a while since Eleven stopped listening and was standing about a million miles behind, probably since he started. And, to be fair with her, how could she ever focus on some stupid math problem when her biggest issue was that her boyfriend was talking when she wanted to kiss him?

A smile crossed her face while she bit her pencil and stop listening to Mike all together when she started to think about what she felt for him. She thought about the first times she realized that visiting him on the void was something she needed as much as breathing when they were away almost an eternity ago. She remembered the tingle in her stomach everytime she saw him sitting on the fort, feeling something she couldn't name. She remembered the way she'd get lost during the day time when, sick of boredom, she thought about his deep dark eyes that show so much, the one that took her soul out on the void into the night when he unconsciously looked back into her eyes. She remembered feeling different, changing a little bit at a time not knowing when it begun but finally knowing when they found each other.

She also thought about that time when she left the cabin and went to the school, ready to see him no mater what. She remember the feeling in her chest when she found his bike and saw herself sitting on it, holding him from behind and she also remembered how bitter it was to find him laughing with Max. Now that she knew Mike was only hers, she felt guilty for what she did to her friend but in that moment all she could do to handle such irrational rage was throwing Max off of her skateboard. Later she knew she had been jealous.

- Earth calling for Eleven...

She blinked a couple of times before looking a him and his hands he

had been waving right in front of her, probably calling for two hours before she noticed. El blushed in embarrassment and looked away from his gaze but he smiled one of his irresistible smiles before speaking again.

- I think that's enough maths for today, we'll continue tomorrow. – he said closing his notebook and opening his History notes instead.

Eleven bit back a whine because she really didn't care about anything related to World War I but luckily Mike told her they had to do an essay in groups of two, so he would started reading a few chapter before taking notes. She tried really hard to stay focused on what he was reading but again she found herself lost inside the love she felt.

Because El really was lost, she had to tell him what she felt but she couldn't because she needed to surprise him. If only she was more eloquent, she could explain to him why there were times when she found herself lost deep down into her memories and, at the same time, she didn't wanted him to find out. But she was so damn obvious, she knew she was, anyone could see that even before they started dating, even before they kissed on the snowball, even Hopper knew before herself that Mike had, one day, become a lot more than just a friend.

Few minutes after he started reading, Mike placed his hand on top of Eleven's and draw little circles with his thumb sending electric shots through her skin and all the way to her heart making her feel goosebumps. El leaned closer to him and snuggled against him, burying her face on the crook of his neck. She could almost hear his smile when she playfully kissed him on that one tiny spot under his jaw and then took a deep breath when Mike pulled his hand up to her head and played with the curls in her head.

She was so happy that, sometimes, she couldn't believe how it wasn't a dream. Mike bringing her the classes she missed, his tutoring hours he gave her when he could've been playing at the Arcade and everything he had done to keep her safe; made Eleven think that the way he had came into her life seemed to be so unreal. If only Mike knew how lonely she had been and how much she begged for someone to show up and rescue her and how impossible it seemed back in those days.

How would she ever find the right way to tell him everything she felt when she didn't have enough words to say it?

Because no matter how many times her dad could say that it was 'only a crush', Eleven knew that her love was as real as the measles she had. Except that her love would never go away, she knew she could lose herself thinking about Mike and she would never feel lost. When she was with him El would forget about her fears, except the fear of losing him. She wanted to tell him that he was the night and the day, that he gave everything sense, that his mere existence was the entire reason why the world existed. He was the gravity pulling her down on the earth and also the wings that could make her fly high up in the sky.

It'd seemed to be only a few seconds ago when she rested her head against his shoulder but maybe it had been a couple of hours because Mike looked into her eyes to check if she had fallen sleep; and when he caressed his thumb against her cheek and spoke, she could feel her breath leaving her lungs and the world vanishing outside the door.

- Are you awake, El?

That was it, she had enough homework. Eleven stopped him from speaking again by running her fingers across his cheek until she found the hair she loved and pulled him down to her lips.

She didn't even think about it, she never did. She acted by impulse like almost every time she started the kiss. Trying to find the way to tell him what she felt had taken Eleven into a labyrinth she didn't know how to get out from and the only answer she could think about was kissing him passionately until every thought in her mind was erased, just like she wanted to do since they started to do their homework in the living room. His lips tasted like the tea and the slice of lemon he used to put in his cup and they were sweeter than the cookies they ate; his lips were warm and moist and they knew how to move against hers and the way in which she liked to be kissed even when she never needed to explain. They knew how to make every kiss perfect on its own way, especially when he would take control of the kiss by running his hand up and down her waist, pulling her closer and holding her tighter.

What she felt for Mike was never going to end, it was something that no measure of time could ever be enough and it was something she couldn't explain. When they broke the kiss panting and catching their breaths, she felt those same butterflies building up in her stomach, shaking her thoughts and pushing her to the edge ready to explode like an earthquake.

- Mike, I...

- TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRL, WHEELER!

Hopper's growl scared both of them and they jump away from each other. Mike fell down on his butt and he realized that he had kneeled closer to El and, when he saw his girlfriend also falling down from him, he noticed she had somehow ended up sitting on his lap while they made out. Unfortunately Hopper also realized that and, poor Michael, he could feel the chief eyes burning holes in his head... and his lower parts.

Eleven, on the other hands, felt like the weight of the world had suddenly fall onto her back when she realized just how close she had been to finally tell Mike what she felt, until her father ruined the moment; besides she could also feel Hopper's burning gaze on both of them. She sighed feeling very pissed with her dad and unlocked the door with her mind.

When Hopper got inside he looked like those giants in fairytales that walk into villages to destroy everything.

- O-okay, I think I should be go... – Mike stammered, he was scared like a three year old before a tetanus shot.

- Immediately, Wheeler. – the Chief said, ignoring the murderous look on Eleven's face and, as much as she wanted to fight against him and yell a him that he was unfair with Mike who biked all the way to the cabin to help her out; she knew better that if she wanted to keep those visits she had to shut up.

Two minutes later, Mike with all his notebooks in his backpack, except for the ones El still needed, went to the door and barely looked at the man so dangerously close to him and said a shy

'goodbye' to the chief before heading back to his bike with his girlfriend behind him.

- I hope you don't get grounded because of... You know, the kissing.

She sighed. – If I do it won't be because of you or us making out, besides he said after the video that he would be more fel-flel- flexible with the kissing rule. I don't know what caught on him today. – she said holding him by the neck, nuzzling her nose against his playfully but clearly upset with her dad. She wasn't upset only because they got caught during a make-out session, but also because she had been so close to finally tell Mike what she felt that she would definitely ignore her father for the rest of the day. – Maybe I should...

- Easy, El, don't worry. I do want to keep coming here with all my limbs attached to my body.

She laughed at his joke and nodded, knowing that he was right, as always. – Okay. – she softly said, looking at him in the eye, one of her hands playing with the zipper in his jacket and the other resting in his neck. – Will I see you tomorrow?

Despite of having Hopper watching over them, Mike leaned down and kissed her sweetly on the lips, not caring if her father was okay with it. He partially understood why the Chief lost his grip when he found them making out in the cabin while being alone, but he would definitely not get back to his house without kissing El goodbye the way she deserved.

Even if it lasted only a few seconds, to Eleven that was a wonderful kiss.

- Call me when you get home, okay?

- I will. Now go back inside before he burst into flames. – he said and got onto his bike but leaned and gave her another quick kiss. – I love you.

Suddenly Eleven felt like she was back on the edge and almost leaned for another kiss but, again, Hopper interrupted clearing his throat way louder than necessary to cut them off. She sighed and finally let

Mike go, sending him a flying kiss. She stood there watching him biking back into the forest until he was lost from her sight, and she remained there tasting her lips with her tongue still feeling Mike's lips on hers. She took a deep breath and pressed a hand on her mouth and smiling against her fingers thinking about how close she was to finally tell her boyfriend what she felt.

Eleven was still pretty upset with her father but, now that she had a few minutes to think about it, she realized that she had been granted with a great opportunity.

- I love you too, Mike.

She whispered to breeze and set a clear goal in her mind: As soon as the measles was over, El would use every second she has to plan her confession and make it as unique as she can, like he did, and make Mike happy just like she was thanks to him.

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Hi, everyone! This story is settled between my one-shots 'Red Spots of Love' and 'If You Could See Yourself Through My Eyes'. If you hadn't read them, then I highly recommend you do.

*Also, there's something I need to say. I LOVE when people put me as an author or my stories into their favourite list, I really do love it... But I also love reviews .So, I ask you; **please leave a comment** because I need to know what you thought.*

That said, I'm starting a new multichapter of drabbles soon. Stay tuned!

Until next time!

PS: Is any author having problems with the stories published?